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In making a few brief preliminary remarks, to the paragraphs attempted in this number, it seems almost superfluous to observe, that from the poetry of a country, the complexion of its character may often be deduced. Such is at least the deception which fancy and predisposition to credulity practice upon the imagination and the judgement. Often however fancy and predisposition mislead us. The former carries the enthusiast away to the scene of the minstrel's inspiration and his theme. Ideas and similies which are perhaps familiar to every clime and every constitution,

appear to spring up naturally from the surrounding objects. The latter have its birth in the information which we had formerly collected, respecting the manners of a nation, leads us to ascribe the light thrown upon the mind, to that which was but a secondary, and at best a glimmering beacon. Poetry rarely delights in detail.

No observations however can be so general, as not to admit of exceptions. The immortal works of Homer furnish us with the best, and indeed the only intelligence we can procure, respecting the state of society and manners at the era of the Trojan war. And Homer does delight in detail. The meanest circumstance, such even as the method of cooking a dinner we find recorded by him. The vilest incident before the magic of his genius starts into grandeur & becomes of importance; as the prosaic of Gideon touched by the staff of the angel, blazed high in

air, and rolled the volumes of its incense to heaven.

It is pleasant to every lover of literature, to mark the different influences which physical and moral causes produce upon the human intellect, and upon its attempts in every art and science. But in an especial manner, it is pleasant to the poet to mark one every where the varying flames of poesy; whether enkindled on eternal ice they shed their ruddy glare on northern climes and melt even the bosom of the Laplander, or in more genial soils, and glowing skies, are produced by every ray and fanned by every zephyr.

It is then the object of the present number to attempt a paraphrase of of different melodies, in a few different countries. Not that we intend to be in any degree original - For what can be more absurd than to call a poem on Hebrew Melody, (as has been done by one of the distinguished Authors of the

present day,) which not only is no paraphrase of a song or melody known to the Hebrews, but has not even a Judaic subject?

The following melody, is a versification of five verses from the death song of King Regner Lodbrog; taken from Dodsley's Annual Register, for the year 17. . .

AN ICELANDIC MELODY.

1.

We fought with swords; when gushes full
Flow'd in my veins & nerv'd my arm; tide
When o'er the heaving ocean wide
The banquet of the wolf was warm—
The yellow footed eagles food
was then the foes of Regner's blood,
The main was but one grisly wound—
The raven thro' that sanguine flood
Her dreary pathway found.

II.

We fought with swords; upon that day
When Odin's halls obey'd many a ghost
When Helsing's chiefs my fathers prey

-all perished in the battle lost.
To Isa's tides we ploughed the main,
The steel that reeked with heroes slain
Cleft armour clanging terribly;
And there the shield was beast in twain
Spoils of that victory.

III.

We fought with swords; in mortal close
The youth with flowing locks I fought
Who since in manhood's morn he rose
The maiden's youthful love had sought—
In death's dark twilight struggling
now,
And thus should hero's life blood flow,
Thus in the clanging storm of death!
No warmth the dastard ice can know
Who heartless deems his breath.

IV

We fought with swords; but well I ween
That fate is still the lord of all;
For deemd I, Ella ere had seen
In death triumphant still, my fall?
The sanguine torrent where I pour'd
Where thousands fell beneath my sword
In Scotia's gulphs my tall back's rock

The wild beasts of the carnage roar'd
Where Regner's hosts abode!

V

We fought with swords; but still my heart
Is bounding for the promised feast:
Banquets for heroes set apart
In godlike regions of the blest—
In Odin's giant halls I sup,
The skulls of foes shall be my cup:
The nectar of the Gods I drink;
My heart in terror shall not sink—
The brave man cannot shrink!

Regnees narrative of deeds of arms is very long. The above, which is not quite so close as metaphrase contains the most prominent ideas.

The following HYMN TO NIGHT is from the Yazur Veda, as translated in part in the sixth volume of Sir William Jones' works.

A HINDOO MELODY.

Night approaches; round her throne
Stars and planets blazing bright;
Where her countless eyes ~~[illegible]~~
leave alone,

Darkning every meaner light.
All creation she pervades,
Wraps in her encircling shades
Vale and mountain, bush and tree—
Now her countless hosts advancing,
O'er the earth their glories glancing
From her shrond set nature free:
Till her sister moon is near
And stars & planets disappear.

II.

Goddess of the midnight hour,
Gentle be thy influence blest;
When we own thy guardian power
And creation sinks to rest!
Now the peopled town is still,
Rest the flocks upon the hill
Rest the tenants of the air;
Now the eagles pinions stay,
Now the vulture quits his prey
Goddess! lend thy guardian care!
From the roaring monsters power,
Shield us in thy solemn hour!

The next specimen is a **LOVE LETTER.** from Lady M. W. Montagu's works; great-

license has been taken in versifying it and in connecting the passage.

A TURKISH MELODY.

I

O fairest of the maids beloved
Whose charms in youth expanding glow
Nor yet the rose in all its pride
Hath spread its glorious tinges wide—
The form just bursting into bloom
Hath wrought alas an early doom;
Unconscious of the sufferer's woe
Dear cause of all the pangs I know.

II.

Then dwells not pity in thy heart?
Let hope assuage my restless smart—
But thou art fair as maid divine—
May I a mortal call thee mine?
O! let me die—and all my term
Of years thy aspiring charms confirm
When I have bought the silent tomb
Let them in endless beauty bloom.

III.

May every throb of joy for me
That ripens in futurity,
Be given to glow within thy breast
And make the queen of beauty blest.

May all the woes that wait by fate
In ambush dark to harm that wait,
Be heaped by smiling heaven on me—
I die, too blest in serving thee!

The three following poems are versifications of Finnish Melodies from the first volume of Acerbi's Travels. The first is a monody, composed by Paulo Vennes a Finnish peasant on his brothers death. The second, is a Lullaby: simple as it is, it is at any rate entitled to rank superior to the modern Songs for the nursery. The third, is a Love Song, composed by a Finnish girl, who could neither read or write.

FINNISH MELODIES.

I.

I forth
The word went from high
He in whose hands are all,
From heaven's bright chandry
Look'd down on this dark ball—

'Twas thus th' Eternal spoke
"Wanderer - thy chains are broke -
"Down from the hill of woe descend;
"Approach - from henceforth art my friend

II.

"The seat of sorrow leave -
"Weighed is thy misery;
"No longer shalt thou grieve
"Nor tear escape thine eye!
"The pangs that rend the soul
"Disease's stern control,
"Long hast thou fell on earth - and known
"The spell is broke - the burden gone!"

III.

Then to his God he flew
And glory round him shone;
All ecstacy he knew
And freedom was his own!
Far, far behind the waste
Of sin and sorrow past -
While seated in the eternal shore
He dwells with human kind no more.

2.

I

Sleep on sweet bird! enjoy thy rest
Sweet warbler with the ivory breast!
Sleep on — God in his own good time
Shall rouse thee at the matin chime.

II

Sleep on — upon thy little bough
He gives thee tranquil slumbers now;
The foliage of the birchen tree
Shall prove a sheltering canopy.

III.

Sleep stands the entrance now before,
Flee on of slumber guards the door.
Is there no little child he cries
Who owns my power with closing eyes?

3.

I

O would that the form that I love might appear!
That form, so well etched on my heart, & so dear —
On the lip that I love, would I hang with delight,
Tho' the stain of the wolf's blood should rise on my
[right —

Hood lock'd in his presence my hand should be born
Tho' a serpent were twining & hissing around

II.

Ye winds that pass howling & mournfully by
Ye causelessly moan & unsorrowing sigh—
Ye feel not & know not the pangs of my heart
The breezes all heedless, unmoving depart.
O! might your swift wings our time measure
: less prove
And bear sigh for sigh to the bosom of love!

III.

Tho' humble, dependant, all cares would I spurn
And still, to the pole of my hopes I would turn
When the warm glow of summer should melt
the plain,
Or winter stern tyrant in terror should reign
On the air that thou breathest delighted I'd live
Still in sweetest communion forgetting to
grieve!

We shall conclude the present number, with the Runick chapter, or magick of Odin — wherein he enumerates the wonders he can perform by the magick of Runic characters —

MAGIC OF ODIN

I know such songs,
Its not the spouse of kings
or son of woman born
May ere repeat—
The one shall help thee at thy need
And sickness, woe and sorrow's giant form
Shall bow before the charm!

I know a song,
which can command the viscera of the earth
awake the lagging pulse to life anew
And string the heart.

I know a song,
Embattled legions bow
Their panoplied array
before its might—
My foes obey my power
Their harmless weapons fall.

I know a song,
The dungeon doors spring open to the note
The captives chains fall off
And he is free.

I know a song,
When anger bears, he frolics with the
And curbs his whirlwinds. (Lamb

I know a song
The elements in their careering course
Obey it's charm—
The wildest winds are hushed
The Zephyrs wafts the strain.

When in the air I see
Darks magic's monarchs borne
A glance can curb the dragons of their car
Their foul intent can mar.
Such characters I know
That e'en the shrouded dead
Shall burst their cemetry
And human converse hold.
If I would shield my friend
With magic water sprinkled at his bi
And girded in immortal panoply
Then shall he breast the battle shock unh

And from his charmed limbs
The polished steel turn off.

I know the powers
Of earth and air and heaven—
Of men, of genii and of Gods
Their different essence.
Who but the wise can scan the inner
Telling each link? (tak chain

The coldest chastest maid
Shall glow, beneath my power;
Her snowy arms shall twine around,
The kindling and resistless flame
Shall riot in her veins.

I know a secret spell
But never shall it past from me—
For it can checkette coldest flight of love
Though wayward as the ever varying winds
Bind it to constancy.

But one I know—
And none but she who from my mother's
womb
Came with me, or the cherished of my
bosom,

Shall ever know it. +
Most precious of the wealth of earth
Is that which we alone possess.

+ Burns, seems to have alluded to such a secret; but he goes further —
"But keep one secret to thyself
Even from thy bosom's crony."